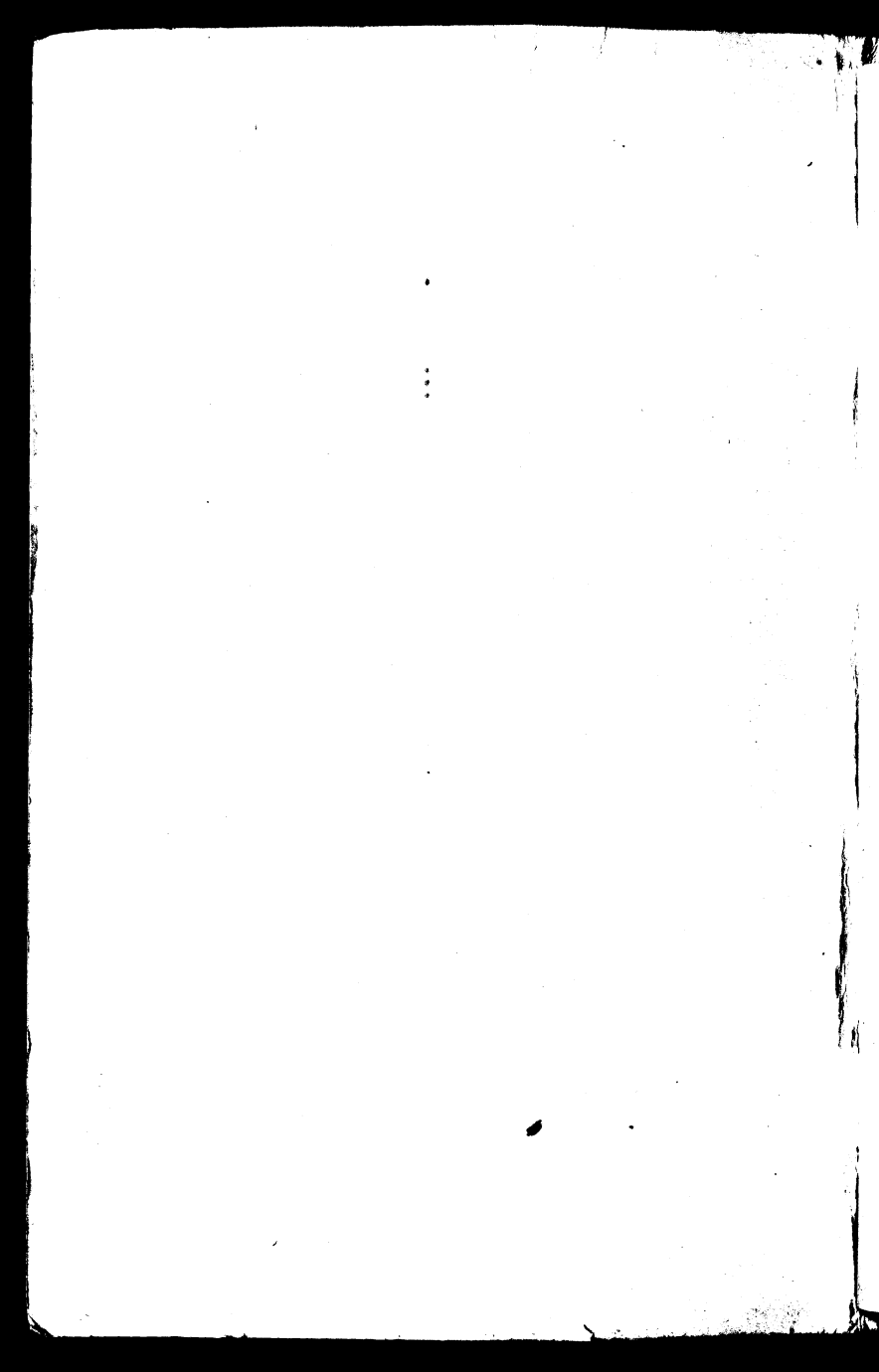


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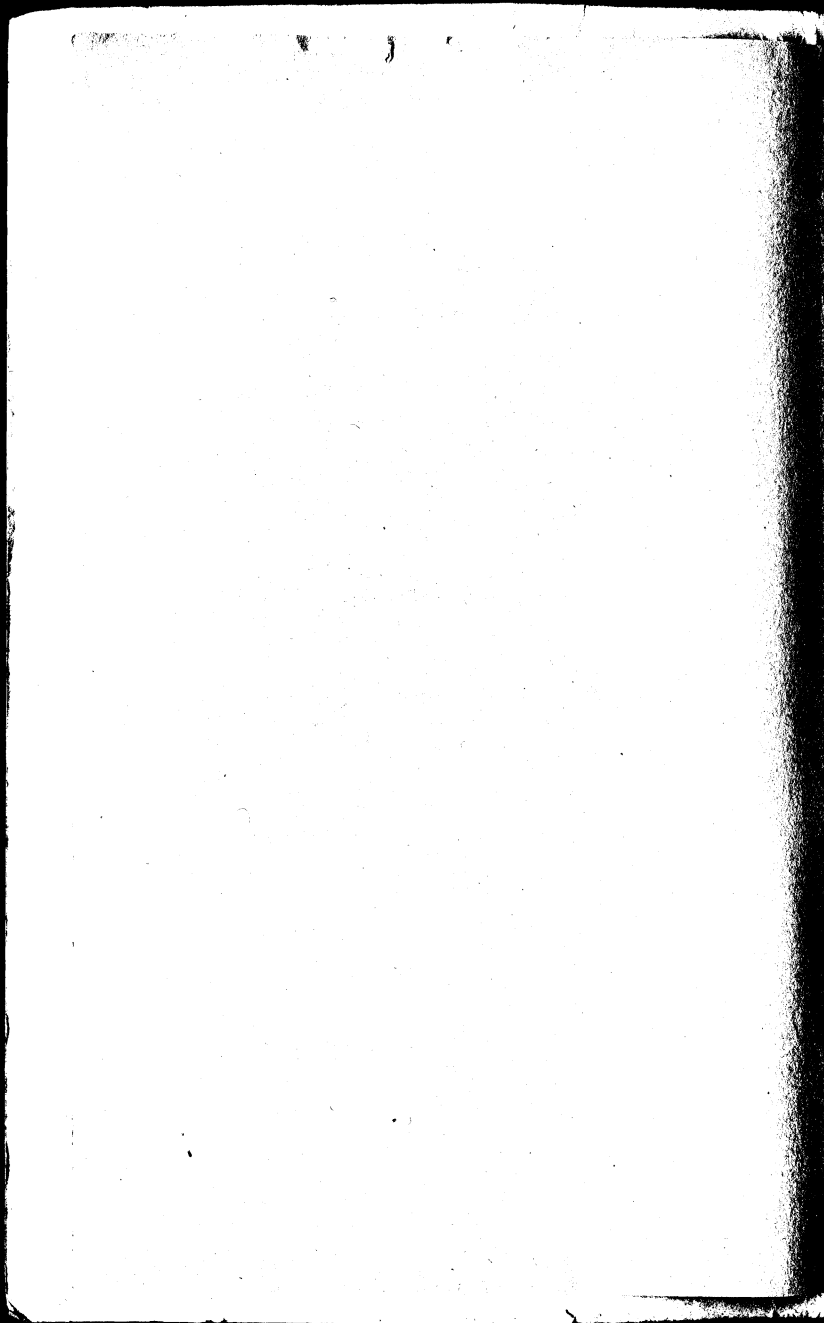
WILD
HARES



DEDICATION

As the second edition of our song book goes to press, once again we wish to dedicate it to the women who have lain with and have been laid by the WILD HARES, and to those, who in the future shall enjoy that honor.

The Editors



Song of the Wild Hares

From the old Chateau Renault
To the place where Sweetie dwells,
To the dear old Hog Hog bar,
We loved so well.
Sit the Wild Hares thus assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
Calmly drinking 'til some stinker
Breaks the spell.
Calmly drinking whild they're singing
Of the songs they loved so well;
"One Ball Riley" and "The Tinker",
And the rest.
We will serenade our women,
While beer and love shall last.
Then we'll pass out in the gutter,
Like the rest.

We are wily Wild Hares,
And we're on our way--
Bye, bye, bye.
We are wily Wild Hares,
In search of a lay,
Bye, bye, bye.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Dammed with beer to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we--
Bye, bye, bye.

Navy Blue and Gold

Now college men, from sea to sea,
May sing of colors true,
But who has better right than we
To hoist a symbol hue?
For sailor men in battle fair
Since fighting days of old,
Have proved the sailor's right to wear
The Navy Blue and Gold.

Four years together by the sea
Where Severn joins the tide.
Then by the service called away
We've scattered far and wide.
But still when two or three shall meet
And old tales be retold,
From low to highest in the Fleet,
Will pledge the Blue and Gold

Whiffenpoof Song

From the tables down at Merry's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temole bar,
We loved so well.
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled,
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing
Casts a spell.
Yes the magic of their singing,
Of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall Lie Wasting" and
"Mavourneen" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie,
While life and love shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten
Like the rest.

We are little lambs
Who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa.
We are little black sheep,
Who have gon astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen songsters, off on a spree,
Damned from here to Eternity.
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa,

In the Evening

In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear the darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos strummin'.
How the old folks would enjoy it;
They would sit all nite and listen,
As they sang in the evening
By the moonlight.

I Had a Dream Dear

I had a dream dear, you had one too,
Mine was the best dream,
Because it was of you.
Come sweetheart, tell me,
Now is the time,
You tell me your dream
And I will tell you mine.

I Only Want a Buddy

I only want a buddy not a sweetheart,
Buddies never make you blue.
Sweethearts make vows that are broken,
Broken like their hearts are broken too.
Don't tell me that you love me,
Say you like me.
No lover's quarrels,
No bungalows for two.
Don't turn down lover's lane,
Just keep right on the same.
I only want a buddy, not a gal.

'Til We Meet Again

Smile the while, you bid me fond adieu
When the clouds reel by,
I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory.
So wait and pray each nite for me,
'Til we meet again.

Long, Long Trail Awinding

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams.
Where the nightingales are singing
And a bright moon beams.
There's a long, long nite of waiting,
Until our dreams all come true.
'Til the day when I'll be strolling
Down that long, long trail with you.

My Buddy

Nights are long, since you want away,
I dream about you all thru the day,
My buddy! My buddy!
Nobody quite so true.
I miss your smile
The touch of your hand
I miss you more than
You'll understand.
My buddy! My buddy!
Your buddy misses you.

For Me and My Gal

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal.
The birds are singing,
For me and my gal.
Everybody's been knowing,
To a wedding they're going,
And for weeks they've been sewing,
Every Susy and Sal.
They're congregatin'
For me and my gal.
The parson's waitin'
For me and my gal.
And some day, we're gonna'
Build a little home for two,
For three or four or more,
In Loveland, for me and my gal.

Only Girl in the World

If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.
Nothing else would matter
In the world today,
We could go on loving
In the same old way.
A garden of roses, just meant for two,
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful
Things to you.
There would be such wonderful
Things to do.
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

Let the Rest of the World Go By

With some one like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave the rest
Behind, and go and find,
A place that's known
To God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath the Western sky.
We'll build ourselves a little nest
Somewhere out in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

Beer Drinker's Medley

It was only an old beer bottle,
Floating on the foam.
It was only an old beer bottle,
Far away from home.
Inside, there was a message,
With these words written on:
"Who ever finds this bottle,
Will find the beer all gone."

How dry I am! How dry I am!
Nobody cares, or gives a
Show me the way to go home.
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
O'er land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me
Singing this song,
Show me the way to go
I don't want to go
But I gotta go home.

Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
Gonna' get drunk tonite
Like I never got drunk before.

For when I'm drunk,
I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse Family.
The Souse family is the best family.
That ever came over from old Germany
There's the Lowland Dutch,
And the highland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch,
And the Goddam Dutch.
God made the Irish
And he didn't make much,
But they're a damn-site better
Then the Goddam Dutch.

Sing glorious, sing glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Glory be to God that
There are no more of us
For one of us could
Drink it all alone.

Goodby my Coney-Island baby
Farewell to thee my own true love.
I'm gonna' sail away and leave you,
Never to return to you.
So you can have the dishes Mabel.
I'm gonna' sail away o
On an old ferry boat.
Happy as the day is long.
So goodby, so-long, farewell forever,
Goodby my Coney Island
I said my Coney Island
I mean my Coney Island baby.

Smoke On the Water

There will be a sad day coming
For the foes of all mankind
They must answer to the people
And it's trouble in their mind.
Everybody who must fear them
Will rejoice on that great day
When the powers of dictators
Shall be taken all away.

There'll be smoke on the water
On the land and the sea. Chorus
When our Army and Navy
Overtake the enemy.
There'll be smoke on the mountain
Where the heathen Gods stay
And the sun that is rising
Will go down on that day.

Oh, there is a great destroyer
Made of fire and flesh and steel.
Rolling toward the foes of freedom
They'll go down beneath it's wheels.
There'll be nothing left bu vultures
To inhabit all that land
When our modern ships and bombers
Make a graveyard of Japan.

Hirohito 'long with Hitler
Will go riding on a rail
Mussolini'll beg for mercy
As a leader he has failed
But there'll be no time for pity
When the screaming flies
That will be the end of axis
They must answer with their lives.

Violate Me

Violate me in the violet time,
In the violest way that you know.
Rape me and ravish me,
Utterly savish me,
Let no mercy be shown.

To the better things of life
I am utterly oblivious.
Give me a man,
Who is lewd and insidious,
Violate me in the violet time,
In the violest way that you know.

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley
The valley so low.
Late in the evening,
Hear the train blow.

Hear the train blow, love,
Hear the train blow.
Late in the evening,
Hear the train blow.

Roses love sunshine,
Violets love dew.
Angels in heaven,
Know I love you.

Send me a letter,
Send it by mail,
Send it in care of
The Birmingham jail.

Down in the jailhouse
Down on my knees.
Praying to heaven,
Give my heart ease.

Build me a castle,
A thousand miles high,
So I can see you,
When you ride by.

Wreck of Old "97"

They gave him his orders
In Munroe, Virginia,
Saying "Steve you're way behind time.
This is not "38" but it's old "97"
You must put her in Spencer on time.

He turned and he said.
To his black greasy fireman,
Shovel on some more coal,
And when we cross o'er
White Oak mountain,
You watch old "97" roll.

It's a mighty tough road
From Lynchburgh to Danville,
And Lima's on a three mile grade;
It was on this grade
He lost his air brakes,
You can see what a job he made.

He came roaring down the grade,
Making ninety miles an hour,
His whistle broke out in a scream.
He was found in the wreck,
With his hand on the throttle,
And scalded to death by steam.

Come on ladies, and take this warning.
From this time on and learn,
Never speak harsh words
To your true loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.

Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day.
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowin'?
Rise up so early in the morn'.
Can't you hear the Cap'n shoutin'?
Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Somecne's in the kitchen I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Keep singing-
Fee-fi-fiddle-ee-i-o,
Fee-fi-fiddle-ee-i-o,
Fee-fi-fiddle-ee-i-o,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say
You are going.
We will miss your bright eyes
And sweet smile.
For they say you are taking
The sunshine.
That has brightened our path
All the while.

Come and sit by my side
If you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River valley
And the one that has loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley
You're leaving?
How lonely, how drear it will be.
Won't you think of the heart
You are breaking,
And the grief you are causing to me?

For a long time I've waited
My darling,
For those words that you never
Would say.
But at last all my fond hopes
Have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

Makes No Difference Now

Makes no difference now
What kind of life they hand me.
I'll get along without you now
It's plain to see.
I don't care what happens next
'Cause I'll get by somehow,
I don't worry 'cause it makes
No difference now.

It was just a year ago today
That I first met you.
I learned to love you and
I thought you loved me too.
But that's all in the past and
I'll get by some how,
I don't worry 'cause it makes
No difference now.

That Lovin' Dummy of Mine

I took two legs from an old table
I took two arms from an old chair
I took the neck from an old bottle
And from a horse I took some hair
I took some hair.

I put the Goddam stuff together
With the aid of wire and glue
And I get more loving from
The Goddam dummy
Than I ever got from you.

Cocaine Bill

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue,
Strollin' down the avenue, two by two.

Chorus:

Oh babe, won't you have a little sniff
On me, have a sniff on me.

Said Bill to Sue, 'twill do no harm
Just to have a little
Shot in the arm.

Said Sue to Till, I can't refuse,
'Cause there's no more kick
In this darned old booze.

So they strolled down fifth,
And they turned up Maind,
Looking for a store that sold cocaine

Came to a drugstore, filled with smoke
Sign in the window saying
"No more Coc".

In a graveyard on a hill
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

In a grave right by hid side,
Lies the body of his cocaine bride.

Now, all you cokies is gwine to be de
If you don't stop sniffing,
That stuff in your head.

She Wore Her Nightie

She wore her nightie
Her pretty white nightie
And I wore my B V D's.
First I caressed her
And then I undressed her.
Oh, what a form had she.

I played with her titties
Her lily-white titties
And down where the short hair grows.
Then she got hot as a heater
So I pulled out my peter,
And white-washed her
Little red rose.

Doodle-lee-do

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called Doodle-lee-do, Doodle-lee-do,
I like the rest, but the part I like best
Is Doodle-lee-do, Doodle-lee-do.
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it.
All you got to do is Doodle-lee-do it,
I love it so, wherever I go,
I Doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Two little lovers, under the covers,
What'll they do, Doodle-lee-do,
I would suggest that they should undress
And Doodle-lee-do, Doodle-lee-do.
Cherries are red, ready for plucking
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for - kissing
I love it so, wherever I go,
I Doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Please do to me, what you did to Marie,
Last Saturday nite, Saturday nite,
It must have been real, 'cause
Cause I heard Marie squeal,
Last Saturday nite, Saturday nite.
Don't know what, what you were doing,
Somebody said you were Doodle-lee-doing
I love it so, wherever I go,
I Doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show,
Called "Doodle-lee-do, Doodle-lee-do."
She made a hit just playing her bit
In Doodle-lee-do, Doodle-lee-do.
Twenty-four hours,
That's all there was to it,
How in the world did she Doodle-lee-do
Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
By Doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Bell Bottom Trousers

Once I was a pretty maid,
Down in Drury Lane.
My master was so kind to me
My mistress was the same.
When along came a sailor
From far across the sea,
And he was the cause of all my misery.

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers
Coats of Navy Blue,
He'll climb the riggin',
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a kerchief
To tie around his head,
He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed.
And I like a silly girl
Thinking it no harm,
Jumped in bed beside him
To keep the sailor warm.

Now early in the morning
Just ere the crack of dawn,
I looked o'er beside me
To find the sailor gone.
And on the sailor's pillow
Was pinned this five pound note,
And this my dear children
Is what the sailor wrote.

Take this my darling,
For the damage I have done,
You may have a daughter
You may have a son.
Now if you have a daughter
Bounce her on your knee,
But if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea.

The moral of this story,
As you can plainly see,
Is never trust a sailor
An inch above your knee.
For he'll love you and kiss you
And say that he'll be true,
But early in the morning
He'll say to hell with you.

The Caviar Song

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon,
Virgin sturgeon very fine fish.
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
When I ged caviar to my girl friend,
There wasn't anything she wouldn't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpop,
He was a gent of eighty-three,
When I fed caviar to my grandpop,
He chased grandma up a tree.

I fed caviar to my teacher,
He was a prof both old and seer,
Now he's a gay, young, happy creature,
Chasing girls and drinking beer.

Just a personal friend.

You can easily tell,
She's not my mother,
'Cause my mother's forty-nine.
You can easily tell,
She's not my sister,
'Cause I never showed my sister
Such a wonderful time.
You can easily tell,
She's not my sweetie,
'Cause my sweetie's too refined.
She's just a wonderful kid
She never cared what she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine.

Shiek of Araby

I'm the shiek of Araby,
Without no pants on!
Your love belongs to me,
Without no pants on!
Each nite when you're asleep
Without no pants on!
Into your tent I'll creep
Without no pants on!
The stars that shine above,
Without no pants on!
Will light our way to love,
Without no pants on!
You'll rule this land with me,
Without no pants on!
I'm the shiek of Araby,
Without no pants on!

Nancy Brown

Out in West Virginny,
There lived a Nancy Brown,
She was the fairest critter
In city or in town.
When along came a Deacon,
A seekin' for a thrill,
And he took our Nancy Brown,
High up into the hills.
She came rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain
Mighty wise.
But she didn't give the Deacon
The thing that he was seekin'
She's as pure as the West Virginny
skies.

When along came a cowboy,
With his fancy chaps and frills,
And he took our Nancy Brown,
High up into the hills.
She came rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
Mighty wise.
But in spite of all his urgin'
She still remained a virgin,
She's as pure as the West Virginny
skies.

When along came a slicker,
With his hundred dollar bills,
And he took our Nancy Brown
High up into the hills.
She stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains
All that night.
Then next morning bright and early,
More women than a girly,
Her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's living on the city,
She's living on the city,
She's living on the city mighty swell,
No more washin' pots and kittles,
But eatin' damn fine vittles,
And the West Virginny skies
Can go to hell.

Garbage Man's Daughter

I'm in love with the
Garbage man's daughter,
Slop! Slop!
She lives down by the swill,
Slop! Slop!
Each nite as we stroll thra the garbage
Slop! Slop!
Her slimy hand in mine.
Slop! Slop!
Her greasy hair on my magotty chest,
Ah, that is love divine.
Slop! Slop!

—And He Slowly Walked Away

Vun evening in October,
I vas very far from sober,
Und to toddle home to bed
I vainly tried.
Ven mine feet began to studder,
Und I lay down in the gudder,
Ven a leedle peeg cam up
And lay down by mine side.
So we sang it's always fair vedder,
Ven good fellows get togedder.
'Til a lady passing by
Vas heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes,
By the company he chooses."
Und the leedle peeg got up
Und slowly walked away.

I also e'er remember,
Vun evening in November,
I vas clinging to a beacon
For support.
When in my exhilaration,
I engaged in conversation,
With a cab horse
Standing deep in thought.
I admit without evasion,
That this too, to divine occasion,
Had rendered me quite sotted,
As they say.
So I asked in accent wary,
"You're old faithful
From the prairie,"
But the cab horse laughed
And slowly walked away.

I wish I could forgit it,
But my memory she won't let it,
It happened when I came
Back from the bar.
Oy, the streets and ground around me,
In the gutter then they found me,
And a little pig was
Also lying on the floor.
We sang sweet "Tipperary"
And oy, "What a Pal Was Mary,"
When Rubinooff passing by,
Was heard to say;
"Tell me, iss mine eyes mistakod
Vich is Max und vich iss bacon."
And the pig got up and
Slowly walked away.

Chorus;

Yes the pig got up
And slowly walked away,
Slowly walked away,
Slowly walked away.
Yes the pig got up
And shook his head in shame,
As he slowly walked away.

Faraway

Around her neck
She wore a purple ribbon,

Chorus:

She wore it in the springtime,
In the merry month of May.
Oh well, and when you asked her
Why the hell she wore it?
She wore it for her lover
Who was far, far away.

Around her leg,
She wore a purple garter,
Chorus.

Around the block
She pushed a baby carriage.
Chorus.

Behind the door,
Her father kept a shotgun,
Chorus.

Upon a grave,
She placed some yellow flowers,
She placed them in the springtime
In the merry month of May.
Oh well and when you asked her
Why the hell she placed them
She placed them for her lover
Who was six feet away.

Silver Dollar

A man without a woman,
Is like a ship without a sail:
Or like a boat without a rudder,
Or like a kite without a tail.
I said a man without a woman,
Is like a wreck upon the sand.
But if there's one thing worse
In this universe,
It's a woman, I said a woman,
I mean a woman without a man.

Now you can lay a silver dollar
Down upon the ground,
And it'll roll because it's round.
A woman never knows
What a good man she's got,
Until she turns him down.
Now honey, listen!
Now honey, listen to me,
'Cause I want you to understand-
As a dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man.

Pile of Debris

'Twas on a pile of debris
That I found her.
She was plastered as plastered
Could be.
You could smell gin
For ten blocks around her,
When we met on that pile of debris.

I was tight but I know
She was tighter.
We were both just as drunk
As could be.
I was tired so I lay down
Beside her,
When we met on that God-awful spree.

You could hear the lady mutter
As she gently shed a tear:
"This is my own private gutter,
What the hell are you doing here?"

And when the dops found us both
In the morning.
We were pals it was easy to see,
Hand in hand passed out cold
In the dawning,
Palsy-walsy on that pile of debris.

The Fucking Machine

A sailor told me e're he died
I do not know if the bastard lied,
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
She never could be satisfied.

He built a tremendous prick of steel
And geared it onto
A fucking great wheel.
Balls of brass
All filled with cream,
And the whole fucking system
Was run by steam.

In and out went that prick of steel
'Round and 'round went
That fucking great wheel.
'Til at last the maiden cried:
"Tarry awhile, I've been satisfied."

Now this is the story, abide a bit,
There was no method of stopping it,
It tore her from her cunt to tit,
And the whole fucking system
Went up in shit!

No Balls at All

There once was a maiden
So fair and so tall,
She had been made by the
Best of them all.
But now she was in
For a terrible fall,
She married a man
Who had no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man
Who had no balls at all.
No balls at all, no balls at all,
A mighty small penis and
No balls at all.

The very first nite that
They crawled into bed,
Her cheeks were so rosy,
Her lips were so red,
She reached for his penis,
His penis was small,
She reached for his balls,
He had no balls at all.

Mother dear mother,
What shall I do?
I've married a man
Who can't even screw.
My breasts they were heaving,
My legs were wide spread,
I reached for his penis,
The damn thing was dead.

Daughter, dear daughter
Don't feel so sad,
I had the same trouble
With dear old dad,
But many's the sailor
Whose answered the call,
Of the wife of the man
Who had no balls at all.

Now daughter took mother's
Good advice,
And found the proceedings
Exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby
Was born in the fall
To the wife of the man
Who had no balls at all.

Ragged But Right

I just called up to tell you
That I'm ragged but right.
A ramblin' gal a gamblin' gal
And drunk every nite.
I eat a Porterhouse steak
Three times a day for my board.
More than any ordinary gal can afford.

I've got a big electric fan
To keep me cool while I eat.
A great big handsome man
To keep me warm while I sleep.
I'm just a ramblin' gal
A gamblin' gal
And Lord am I tight.
I just called up to tell you
That I'm ragged but right.

We may be brown-skinned lassies
Boys, but what do we care.
We've got those streamlined chassis'
And that do or die air.
We've got the hips that sank the ship
In England, France and Peru.
And if you're like Napoleon
That is your Waterloo.

I'll take a fifteen minute intermissi
In your V-eight.
I'd like to make it longer
But I've got a late date.
Our boys are gonna' win it
So why don't you breeze it tonit,
I just called up to tell you
That I'm ragged but right.

If you could only see me,
Lying here in my bed;
My curvaceous figure,
Sure would go to your head.
You'd lie right down beside me,
Place your hands on my hips;
Cover my warm body,
With your passionate lips.

This is phone conversation,
But I'm willing to bet,
That if you slept beside me
All your dreams would be wet.
And though I'm not so sure
That you'd be pure
When I'm thru with you.
I know that you'll be satisfied
If not black and blue.

Now honey, if you'd only sweat those
Dice, from nite until morn.
We could have some money ..
By the time baby's born.
But if you don't want to buy
Junior's clothes and my beer.
There are ways and means
To keep him from getting here.

Now honey, since I've gone the limit,
There's no light in my door.
I can keep on loving you,
And keep my life as a whore.
So kick that blonde right
Off your knee,
Or there'll be a fight.
I just called up to tell you
That I'm ragged but I'm right.

Farewell To _____

Farewell to _____, Goodby to thee
Since I've been at _____,
I've been fucked around by thee.
Your air force is a failure
A failure and a farce,
And as far as all the pilots go
You can stick it right up your ass.

Just a little bit of bread for
breakfast,
A little bit of bread for tea,
A little bit of bread for supper
And some sweet fuck-off for me.
While Luker and his side-kick
They mop up all they can
But all the poor old pilots get-
Is bread and fucking jam.

Dobson gets his turkey,
Holderman gets his duck,
Harlan gets his chicken
He always was in luck.
While Liker and his side-kick
They mop up all they can
But all the poor old pilots get
Is bread and fucking jam.

I Used to Work in Chicago

I used to work in Chicago,
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago,
I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in for a cake one day.
I asked her what kind at the door.
"Layer" she said, and lay her I did,
I did but I don't any more.

Insert the following sets of words
in the underlined spaces, for
succeeding verses.

Gloves	Rubber, she said, rub her I did.
Silver	Forks, she said, Fork her I did.
Hat	Felt, she said, felt her I did.
Ruler	Six inches, she said, six inches she got.
Curtains	Just curtains, she said, the rod she got.
Fowl	Chicken, she said, the cock she got.
Fowl	Duck, she said, but I goosed her instead.

Red Heaven

When evening is nigh,
And passions run high,
You'll find me in my Red Heaven.

A turn to the right,
A little red light,
Will lead you to my Red Heaven.

I see a homely face
Upon a pillow case,
A form divine.
She's just a little whore
Whose been made before,
But now she's mine.

Just Sadie and me,
There'll never be three,
We're careful in my Red Heaven.

Mary Ann

Pull your shades down, Mary Ann,
Pull your shades down, Mary Ann,
Late last nite by the pale moonlight
I saw you, I saw you.
You were combing your golden hair,
You were changing your underwear,
If you want to keep your secrets
From your future man,
Pull your shades down Mary Ann.

I Wanted Wings

Buster, I wanted wings,
'Til I got those Goddam things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

They taught me how to fly,
Then they sent me here to die;
I've had a belly full of war.
You can save those Zeros,
For thos Goddam heroes,
For Distinguished Flying Crosses,
Do not compensate for losses.

I'm too young to die, in a Goddam PBY,
That's for the eager not for me.
I don't trust my luck,
To be picked up in a duck,
After I've crashed into the sea.
You can save those Mitsubishis
For those crazy sons-of-bitches,
For I'd rather lay a woman,
Than be shot up in a Grumman.

I'll take the dames
While the rest go down in flames,
I've no desire to be burned.
Air-combat's called romance,
But it made me shit'n my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
I would rather be a bellhop
Than a fighter on a flattop,
With my hand around a bottle,
Not around a Goddam throttle.

(Chorus after each verse.)

Boogit

Mama's in bed and Poppa's on top,
Baby's in the cradle yelling-
"Shove it to her Pop."

Chorus:
I'm gonna' boogit,
Boogit to my dying days.

I've got a gal named Molly Brown
She's got the biggest box in town.

I've got a gal, she's sweet sixteen,
She keeps me broke buying vaseline.

Said the old alligator
As he swallowed the cat,
"I've got a pussy
That you can't get at."

Grandpop said, just before he died,
"If I could boogit once more,
I'd be satisfied."

I boogedit in the kitchen
I boogedit in the hall,
I boogedit on my finger
So I threw it on the wall.

Monkey and a baboon sittin' in the gra
Monkey shoved his finger
Up the baboon's ass.

The baboon said, "Goddam your soul
Shove your finger up your own ass hole

The boys sat 'round O'Riley's porch,
Tellin' tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter.

Chorus:

Fiddle-ee-i-ee, fiddle-ee-i-ee,
Fiddle-ee-i-ee for the one ball Riley,
Rig-a-dig-dig, balls and all,
Rub-a-dub-dub, shag high.

First I grabbed her by the tits,
Threw my left leg up and over.
Shagged her once, shagged her twice,
Shagged her 'til the fun was over.

Came a knock upon the door,
Who should it be but her Goddam father,
Two horse-pistols in his hands,
Looking for the guy who shagged his
daughter.

First I grabbed him by the balls,
Stuck his head in a bucket of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass,
A damn site farther that I shagged
his daughter.

Now as I go walking down the street,
Comes a cry from every corner:
"There goes the Goddam sonofabitch,
The guy who shagged O'Riley's daughter.

Ihra-li-ihra-li-a

There once was a man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree.
The results were most herrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

Chorus:

Sing ihra-li-ihra-li-addy
Sing ihra-li-ihra-li-a,
Sing ihra-li-ihra-li-asshole
Sing ihra-li-ihra-li-a.

There once was a man from Dupree,
Who went to the forest to pea.
He said "Pax vobiscum,
Why won't my piss come,
I must have a C-L-A-P."

There once was a Lady from Yale,
On here tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who bought himself an Austin,
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out
And he lost them.

There once was a lady from France,
Boarded a train in a trance,
The engineer fucked her,
Likewise the conductor,
And the fireman came off in his pants.

There once was a man named Ream,
Who always had wet dreams.
Being a bit of a wit,
He wrapped them in shit,
And sold them as peppermint creams.

There once was a whore named Alice,
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus,
They found her vagina in North Carolina
The rest of her pussy in Dallas.

There once was a man named Boone,
Who was born six months too soon.
He hadn't the luck
To be born by a fuck-
He was a wet dream scraped up by a spoon.

There once was a man from Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat from his prick,
Turned the clay into brick,
And tore all his foreskin away.

There once was a man named Baers,
Who was fucking his wife on the stairs
The bannister broke,
So he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.

There once was a girl from Nantucket
Who went to hell in a bucket.
When she got there,
They asked for her fare,
She lifted her dress
And said "Fuck it."

There once was a man from Pawtucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin,
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave,
He said I admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But look at the money I save.

There once was a young man from Kent.
Whose prick was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble,
He stuck it in double,
Instead of coming, her went.

Gay Cabellero

Now I'm a gay cabellero,
Coming from Re de Janiero,
Bringing with me, my la tram ba le
And also my los tram ba los.

I went to a New York teatro,
An exceedingly famous teatro.
And I took with me, my la tram ba le,
And also my los tram ba los.

I met a fair senorita,
An exceedingly fair senorita,
And she fell in love,
With my la tram ba le,
And also my los tram ba los.

I layed her upon a sofilio,
An exceedingly soft sofilio,
And I gave her the end
Of my la tram ba le
Clear up to my los tram ba los.

She gave me a dose of clapito,
An exceedingly bad dose of clapito,
And the blue spots appeared o
On my las tram ba le,
And one of my los tram ba los.

I went to a New York docterio,
An exceedingly famous docterio.
And he cut off the end of my la tram ba
And one of my los tram ba los.

Now I'm a sad cabellero
Returning to Re de Janiero,
Minus the end of my la tram ba le
And one of my los tram ba los.

Bastard King of England

The bards do sing of a bastard king
Of a thousand years ago.
Who ruled the land with an iron hand,
But his mind was base and low.

The only piece of clothing he wore
Was a leather undershirt
With which he tried to hide the hide
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

He used to hunt the stag,
Within the royal wood.
But better than this
He loved the bliss
Of pulling the royal pud.

Now the queen of Spain
Was a sprightly dame,
A sprightly dame was she.
She loved to fool with the awful fool
Of that king across the sea.

So she sent across the sea,
By royal messenger
Inviting the king to bring his thing
And spend a week with her.

When Phillip of France
Did hear this news,
He vowed before his court,
She doth prefer me rival,
Because me horn is short.

So he sent the Duke of Syp and Sapps
To give the queen a dose of claps,
Which would do the trick
For dear old England.

When news of this foul deed
Did reach old Windsor's halls,
He vowed and swore
By the shirt he wore
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.

So he offered half his kingdom
And a crack at Queen Hortense,
To any noble Briton
Who would nut the King of France.

The Duke of Sussex took to horse
And galloped away to France,
Where he swore he was a fruiter,
And the frog took down his pants.

He threw a thong around his dong
And merrily he galloped along
Back to the shores of dear old England

Now the king threw up his breakfast
And he shit right on the floor,
For in the ride, the Frenchman's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.

The ladies fair of London town,
They said to hell with the British
Crown,

The king of France
Usurped the throne of England.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling let me tie your garter,
Just an inch above your knee.
If my hand should slip up farther,
Please don't lay the blame on me.

Silver threads around my peter,
Golden hair around your hole
When we bring them both together,
Silver threads among the gold.

Poor Girl's Requiem

She was poor but she was honest,
A victim of a rich man's whim.
He seduced her, then forgot her,
And she bore a child by him.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor who get the blame.
While the rich get all the blessings
Ain't it all a dirty shame.

Now he sits in the house of Commons,
Making laws for all mankind.
While she roams the streets of London
Selling chunks of her behind.

The Merry Tinker

Oh, there was a merry tinker
Came all the way from France,
And he swore he'd teach the women
How to fiddle, fuck and dance.

Chorus:

With his long, lean, baby makin'
Bell whackin', kidney crackin',
Long, lean, button tacker,
Hangin' to his knee.

Now aboard that ship
He had to have a screw.
So he fucked the Captain's daughter
And he cornholed the crew.

Now there's Granny in the corner,
At the age of eighty-three,
Saying "Holy God Almighty,
Won't he ever get to me?"

Now the Tinker died
And he went to hell,
And he swore he'd fuck the devil
If he didn't treat him well.

Now the devil stooped over,
To shovel in some coal,
And the Tinker rammed his dinker
Up the devil's asshole.

Now that's all my story
There isn't anymore,
Got an apple up my asshole
And you can have the core.

Little Ball of Yarn

In the merry month of June,
All the blossoms were in bloom,
And I chanced to take a walk
Down in the park.

I met a little miss,
And to her I asked her this,
May I wind up your
Little ball of yarn?

And she said to me,
"You're a stranger, can't you see"
You had better go
to those who have the charm.
You had better go to those
Who have money and fine clothes,
And you can wind up their
Little ball of yarn.

Then she finally gave consent,
And behind the fence she went,
And I gently laid her down
Upon the ground.

I slipped my arm around,
As I ruffled up her gown,
And I wound up her
Little ball of yarn.

Nine days right after this,
When I chanced to take a piss,
I found to my mishap I had the cl
I'm one sad fellow now,
I forgot to clean my plow,
After winding up her
Little ball of yarn.

Nine months right after that,
In my office chair I sat,
Thinking that I didn't do her harm.
When an officer in blue,
Said, "Young man, I've come for you,
You're the father of that
Little ball of yarn."

In my prison cell I sit,
With my fingers dipped in shit,
And the shadow of a jock strap
On the wall.
And the people as they pass,
They throw peanuts at my ass.
I'm the father of
That little ball of yarn.

Tie My Root Around a Tree

I fucked 'em in the north
I fucked 'em in the south
But the best place to fuck 'em
Is to fuck 'em in the mouth.

Chorus:

Come 'a tie my root
Around a tree, around a tree,
Come a' tie my root a
Around a tree.

I fucked 'em in the east
I fucked 'em in the west
But the best place to fuck 'em
Is to fuck 'em in the breast.

Took her off the saddle
Laid her on a rock
I showed her the wiggle
Of a sailor's cock.

Took her off the saddle
Laid her in the grass
I showed her the movement
Of a seaman's ass.

Here comes Pete
With his old forty-four
Floatin' down the river
On a shit-house door.

Went to the barn,
Thought I saw a ghost,
Nothin' but a piss-pot
Hangin' on a post.

Last time I seen him
And I ain't seen him since,
He was sucking off a nigger
Through a barb-wire fence.

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Chorus:

Do your balls hang low?
Can you swing them to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder
Like a good Kentucky soldier?
Do your balls hang low? Mine do.

Eyes right, eyes left,
All assholes to the front.
We're the boys who make no noise,
We're always huntin' cunt.

Eyes right, assholes tight,
All foreskins to the rear,
We're the boys who make no noise,
We're always drinking beer.

Redwing

There once was an Indian Maid
Who always was afraid
That some buckaroo
Would slip her a screw
As she was soundly
Sleeping in the shade.

She had an idea grand
She filled her box with sand
And then she knew
That no buckaroo
Would ever reach
The promised land.

Oh the moon shone bright
On pretty Redwing
As she lay sleeping
A cowboy creeping.
And with one squint eye
He was peeping
His heart was leaping
With promised joy.

Now this cowboy was wise
He crept between her thighs
With an old gun boot
On the end of his root
He made little Redwing
Open up her eyes.

Now Redwing came to life
Whipped out her Bowie knife
And with one swift pass
Striped his balls from his ass
And now his fucking
Is a thing of the past.

Oh, the moon shines tonite
On pretty Redwing.
As she lies snoring
There hangs a warning
Two cowboy balls
There are adorning
From nite 'til morning
Her wigwam door.

Ring-a-ling

Ring-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling

Was so fond of me,

Sweet was the bull shit

Chorus

She handed to me.

Ring-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling

Was so fond of me,

That she played on my Spanish guitar.

Her father was known as a murderer,

Her mother was known as a witch.

But Ring-a-ling was known

'Round the whorehouse,

As a red-headed sonofabitch.

Chorus

She took me into her boudoirio,

And laid me upon her so fairio.

She took out my cock-a-doodle-derio.

And stuck it into her cunterio.

Chorus.

The Man in Our Institution

There's a man in our institution
Who believes in prostitution
He's the dirtiest sonofabitch
Who breathes the air.

Oh, his balls are black and blue
He's a bastard through and through
If his children died of the clap
He wouldn't care.

Down, down, down with Pistol Jenkins
He is made of pure manure.
HORSE SHIT! (loud shout)
They forgot to pull the chain
Consequently he'll remain
'Til he's confiscated by the local
sewer.

Troopship

They say there's a convoy
That's left San Diego
Heavily laden with beer.
And if that convoy
Just left San Diego
Then why in the hell ain't it here.

Chorus:

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Fuck all the Admirals
And ComAirSoPac
They don't give a shit
If we never get back.
So we're saying goodbye
To them all.
As back to their foxholes
They crawl.
There'll be no vacations
On this fucking station,
So cheer up my lads-
Fuck 'em all.

They asked for the Army
To come to Tulagi
But General MacArthur said no,
He gave as his reason
It wasn't the season
Besides there was no U. S. O.

They asked for the Navy
To come to Tulagi
And our gallant Navy said yes.
They flew all their sections
In different directions,
My God what a hell of a mess.
Chorus:

Winnipeg Whore

I took a trip up Chippewa River,
My first trip to Canadian shores.
There I met that fuzzy-headed bastard
Better known as the Winnipeg Whore.

Come right in, I'm glad to see you
Park your ass upon my knee.
We will dance and jazz together
A dollar and a half will be my fee.

Some were drinking,
Some were dancing,
Some lay drunk upon the floor.
While I lay in the darkest corner,
Pouring the prick to the Winnipeg Whore

In come a bunch of scuds and bitches
Must have been a score or more.
You'd have laughed
And shit 'n your britches,
To see my ass fly out the door.

Army Air Corps Medley

Into the air Junior Birdmen,
Into the air pilots true,
Into the air Army Air Corps-
Keep your nose up in the blue.
And when at last they tell you
You have won your wings of tin,
Then you know that Junior Birdmen
Have sent their box tops in;
It only takes four,
Send your box tops in.

Where'd they go,
Where'd they go, go, go, go,
Where'd they go, where'd they go.
Where'd they go,
Where'd they go, go, go, go,
Where'd they go, where'd they go.

Where'd they go, .
Where'd they go, go, go, go,
Where'd they go, where'd they go.
Where'd they go, where'd they go,
Where'd they go, where'd they go,
Where in the hell's
The Army Air Corps.

Army Air Corps Medley, cont.-

Here they come,
In from a one hour test flight,
Out from the land,
In from the sea.
For this feat,
They'll get a ten day furlough,
Raise in rank, and a D F C.

Heroes all,
If you can judge by medals.
They get a lot,
A lot as they go.
They're bound to win,
If they don't spin in,
For nothing can save the
Army Air Corps--
Except the Navy;
Nothing can save the Army Air Corps.

Hand on the throttle
Turn on the gas
Hand on the stick
Head up your ass.

Off we go,
In to the wild blue yonder,
CRASH!!!

